

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 16, TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1900. Price 5 Cents.

## ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE.

**SI Work but Steady Advances—The Wandering War Cry Boomer and the Policeman who was Fined for Arresting Him—The Marvellous Faith of Our Italian Converts—Picturesque Venice—The Duties of a Soldier and His Wife—A Social Patron.**

THE Salvation Army has a difficult and slow work in Italy. The Blood and Fire Flag has been flying there for eight years, and we have but eight corps and thirty-one officers for all the labor and money expended during this period. Those who judge things by bare results will put this down as very unsatisfactory. Some, who remember that other agencies have been five times as long on the same field and cannot show anything approaching this, shrewdly take a different view, those who are close to the Army's work, and estimate its value by its character, and not by its numerical return, consider it very

### Encouraging, if Not Remarkable.

For instance, these bare figures give no indication that almost every working-man and tradesman has, at one time or another, attended Salvation Army meetings in Leghorn; that the officers have free and ready access to all the cafes, in which they sell and sing out of their periodicals; that the great town of Bologna has recently received the Salvation Army with unmistakable signs of interest and sympathy; and that in the city of Turin, where we have our Headquarters, people of all grades treat representatives of the Army with marks of profound regard.

The other day a War Cry seller wandered over the boundary-line prescribed for him and sold a War Cry in a public arcade. A policeman, ignorant of the Army, and imagining by the man's uniform that he was a revolutionist, or some other disturber of the peace, seized and marched him to the Central Police Station.

"What is this man charged with?" the chief inspector asked.

### "Selling Dangerous Papers"

In one of the public arcades. "Why, he is a Salvationist! You ought to have told him that the arcade was forbidden for his paper-selling, and he would have gone elsewhere. Salvationists are law-abiding people."

"What are Salvationists?" the policeman asked, rather dejectedly. "People you had better let alone; and as a mark of my displeasure at your conduct and ignorance, I order you to pay for all the papers this officer has still unsold!"

Then, Brigadier Gibberson, who, with his wife, is in command of Italy, speaks in very suggestive terms of the soldiery. There is a good deal more than appears on the surface when he says, "As the large proportion of our converts are nominal Catholics, or, to be quite correct, men and women who possess but the

### Shreds of a Religious Belief,

their simplicity, faith, eagerness to learn the practical life of a Christian, thirst for the word of God, and honesty of testimony, and an utter ab-

sence of Protestant phrases, is delightful, if we only had thousands for the hundreds we have in Italy, we should soon raise up a distinctly new and in-

teresting people." Keep believing, Brigadier. The Brigadier furnished a somewhat amusing instance of the ignorance—fortunately combined with charming childlike—which they have to overcome before the rudiments of Bible truth can be implanted in these converts. This is it: One of the best soldiers

of a corps assumed, in the innocence of her faith, that her officers possessed the gift of omniscience and omnipresence. Whatever they commanded her to do she did it as if God Himself issued the order. If anyone dared to speak loosely or sweetly in her household, she immediately ejected such a person, giving forth, as her authority, that her

### Officers Heard Every Word Spoken

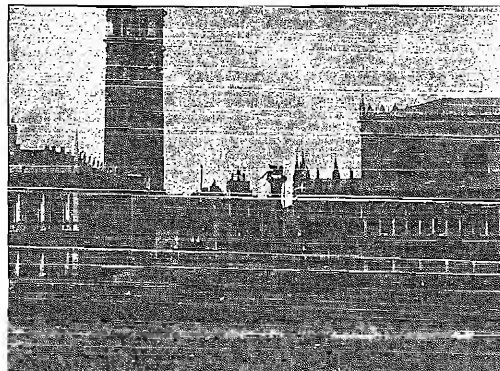
in her house, and she must not allow anything offensive to them!

In such a country as Canada such a notion would only be associated with idiocy, or rank crankiness; but this is but a sample—though above the average in extremeness—of the class of people out of whom the Salvation Army is making in Italy splendid patterns of truth, righteousness and love.

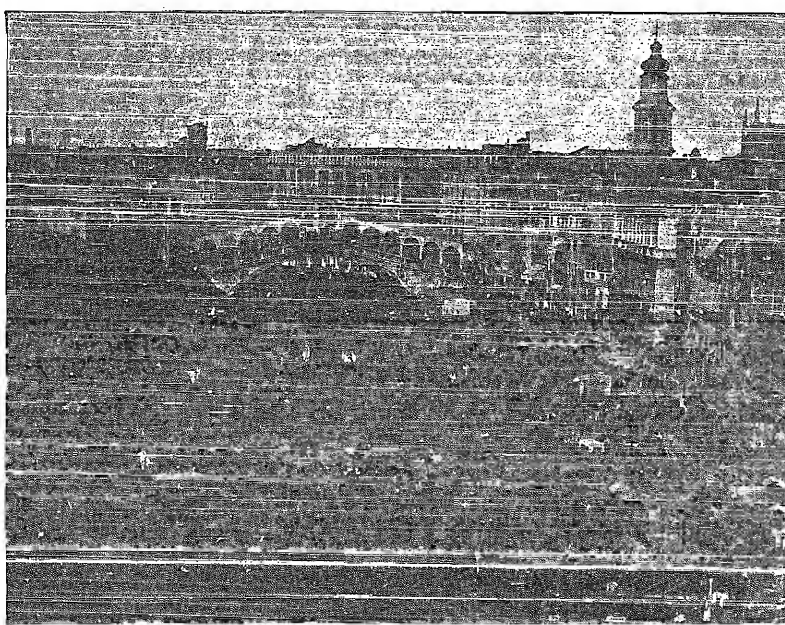
There never has been any violent opposition or persecution of the Army in Italy. With the exception of a few places here and there, this can be said of all countries we have gone to, where the Catholic form of religion is accepted by the majority. But there exists what is more detrimental to an aggressive organization like ours; an underground something—it would be an exaggeration to call it a system—which prevents us keeping a fair proportion of our converts. We do not complain. Why should we?

We expect to encounter difficulties; and there is no cloud without its silver lining, no light without some permanent and far-reaching advantages, even if the fight, for the hour, looks a losing one.

(Continued on page 5.)



St. Mark's Square. A front view of this magnificent Square.

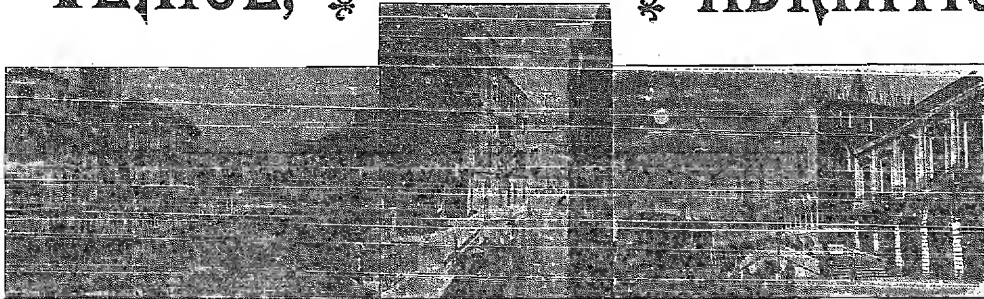


A Festival on the Grand Canal, Venice. The famous Rialto Bridge is seen in the distance.





# VENICE, THE PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC.



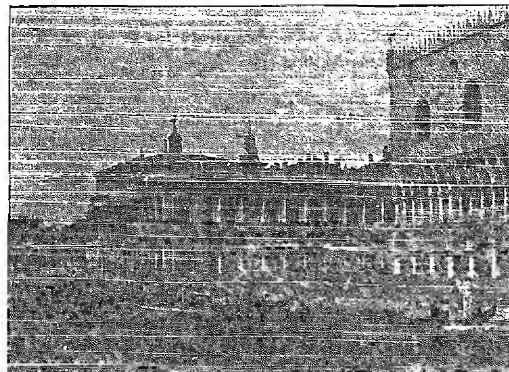
THREE HISTORIC VENETIAN PALACES.  
Palazzo Sanudo Van-Axel.

Palazzo Labbia,  
In which we opened our work.

Palazzo Ducale.  
One of our first open-air stands.



One of the Finest Canals of Venice.  
The inevitable Supollo advertisement stares one in the face ever in fair Italy.



A View of St. Marcus Square,  
Showing the magnificent architecture of the historic city.



Expressmen do not require to keep horses,  
as everything is delivered by boat.

Here we have a very romantic peep over the  
garden Walls of Venice.

Palazzo Labbia's the name of the prominent  
building above. Here we had our first  
hall and opened fire on Venice.





## General Secretary's Jottings

The Commissioner's Massey Hall concert on Feb. 1st, promises to be a unique and out-distance everything has ever gone before it in the history of the city. Huge and elaborate preparations are being made, and arrangements pushed along with all speed to this end.

—♦—  
Of course, the chief interest will be in the Commissioner himself taking charge of the proceedings, under her wise and skilful direction a brilliant program, triumphantly worked out, can be safely guaranteed. Further, the Commissioner will deliver an address. I have not yet read definitely what her subject will be, but I am quite certain that it will be captivating, fascinating, and full of that eloquent simplicity that characterizes the Commissioner's utterances, and, delivered by our beloved leader's accustomed voice, is sure to make a mark for itself and eternity on the hearts of all those who may be privileged to hear.

—♦—  
New features, did you say? Well, we always go in for the new. The Salvation Army can assure us that it has more than five hundred new features, existing in memory. Among the many interesting features of the Demonstration will be some quite unique. For instance, the youngest cornet soloist in the world will play a selection in the style of a baritone. This soloist is but nine years of age.

—♦—  
I shall say about the smallest member in the Salvation Army on the 1st? This young gentleman is but four years old, and on this auspicious occasion will be seen manipulating gymnastics with amazing dexterity, and to the delight of the audience.

—♦—  
There will also be a grand parade of "Forts." This regiment of "Forts," arrayed in white robes, carrying the umbrella, as they go through the streets, will be a sight to behold. It is a new evolution in martial style, and we are sure to bring down the house.

—♦—  
I shall say with regard to the "Forts," with their colorful uniforms and their drill and marches?

—♦—  
There will also be vivid and realistic representations (in four scenes) of life in London Slum, an Indian village and a Parisian cafe.

—♦—  
In fact, but not least, there will be a grand panoramic representation of "Evolution of Crime" in living characters. The foregoing, in addition to the Commissioner's grand program (the Commissioner herself playing the harp), the bar-bell brigade, the high-bell troupe, the Social Staff, the band of Mercy, Men's Social Brigade, the famous Staff Band with new Professor Wiggins' selections on the piano, and all the items of music, such as solos, duets, etc., impossible for me to mention here, will make up one of the grandest and most interesting programs it is possible to give.

—♦—  
Day? Thursday. The time? 7 o'clock. The date? February 1st, 1900. The building? Massey Hall. The city? Toronto. The time of admission? By ticket, 7 o'clock. Will there be a crowd? Yes. Shall I be in time? If you are at 7 o'clock. Can I depend on the crowd? Yes. If no one else is in the crowd, everybody come! Come early! Come believing! Come praying!  
A. G.

## Personal Salvation.

Whole salvation must be worked out by personal thought, penitence, work, and sacrifice. You must come to God in your stead, give in your stead, read the Bible in your stead, or work in your stead. If you seek great things, if you resolve to make your own election sure, you must take the burden of responsibility, for the weight of responsibility, for the weight of glory.—Rev. W. Clarkson.

## ITALIAN INTELLIGENCE.

(Continued from page 1.)

Here we are in Venice—

picturesque, light, beautiful Venice—where the gondola takes the place of the street car, and where life is supposed to run its course like a poem. A far-fetched supposition indeed! Well, think of the Army on board a gondola, with Brigadier Clibborn beating a drum with one hand and guiding his craft with the other, Mrs. Clibborn fingering a guitar, Staff-Capt. Gordon pulling the oar, an Italian beating the tambourine, and a Venetian girl warbling a Salvation solo to the passengers on the river-streets! This has not yet actually occurred, but something more wonderful has: the Salvation Army has made a start in Venice, and, everything considered, a fair start.

A customs officer, in complete uniform, is among the hopeful converts. The night after he made a public confession of his salvation, his wife, strongly resenting his action, came to the barracks with him.

"It is not good," she said to the officer, "that my husband should have one religion and I another."

"No, certainly not," the officer replied, "why not have

Both One Religion?"

"What?"

"The religion that loves God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself—which makes peace at home, because God reigns in the heart."

The wife was completely surprised to hear such piety come from the lips of one of these strange people, and she had no answer to give.

A thought struck her; she must, by one means or another, prevent her husband attending Army meetings, so she resorted to the unadvised stratagem of suggesting that her husband was wrong in his head.

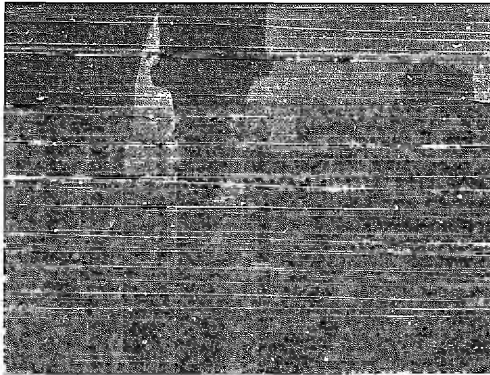
"Since when?" the officer asked.

"Oh—since—" she failed to remember; "but he is, and these meetings are endangering his intellect."

"He does not look it at present, mother," the officer proceeded; and so further impressed was she with the

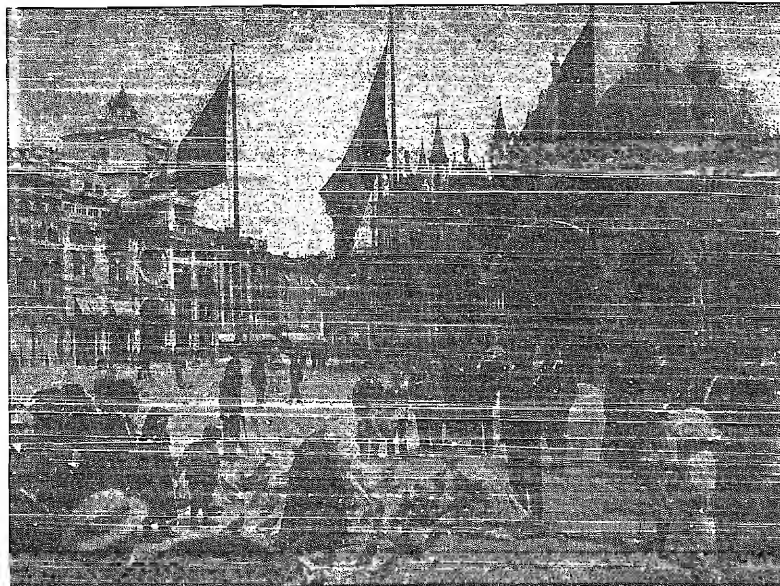
Patience and Humanity

of the officer, that the little plan the good wife planned against her husband remained stillborn. And so it has been, and will be, with many plans to impede the progress of salvation in Italy. Brigadier and Mrs. Clibborn and their officers have not a shadow of doubt as to the triumph of



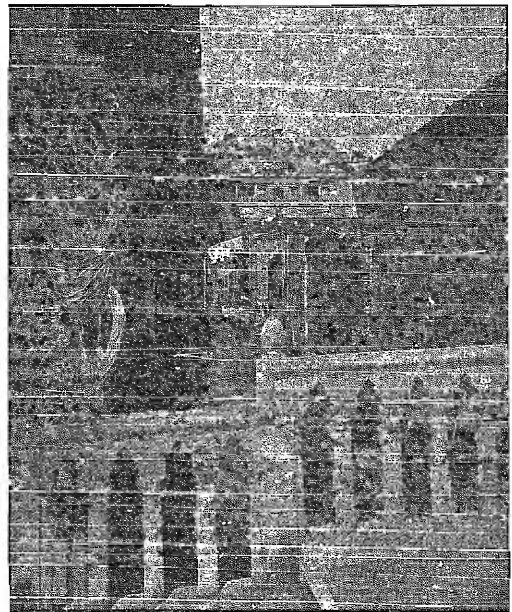
The City of the Sea.

Here the avenues are paved with the liquid emeralds of the Adriatic Sea, and the noise of horses' hoofs and wheels grating on the pavement, which is so annoying in other cities, is absent.



Feeding the Pigeons in St. Mark's Square, Venice.

The bones of St. Mark, the Evangelist, are supposed to lie in the Cathedral seen in this view.



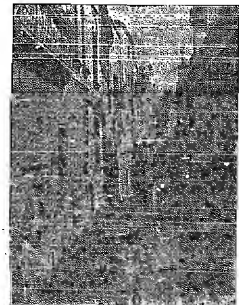
The Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

The Ducal Palace is seen on the left, and the prison on the right. The bridge received its name from the fact that in the dark ages prisoners were being led across this bridge to torture and execution. It is now one of our open-air stands.

the principles under which they are fighting.

We have just received intelligence that, in reply to a letter from Brigadier Clibborn, of Turin, Italy, the Duc d'Aosta, who comes next to the Prince of Naples in succession to the throne of Italy, has sent the Brigadier a donation of fifty francs towards the expense of giving the poor of Turin a Christmas dinner. The Brigadier thinks this is the first time that a Catholic Prince has sent a donation to the Salvation Army, and the Brigadier takes it as an indication of the good will of the Duke towards our work in

Turin, and his graceful act has created a feeling in our favor.



Every Alley is Picturesque. Every building is an individual by itself, different from the rest. Stereotyped rows of houses are unknown.

## NEWSY NOTES.

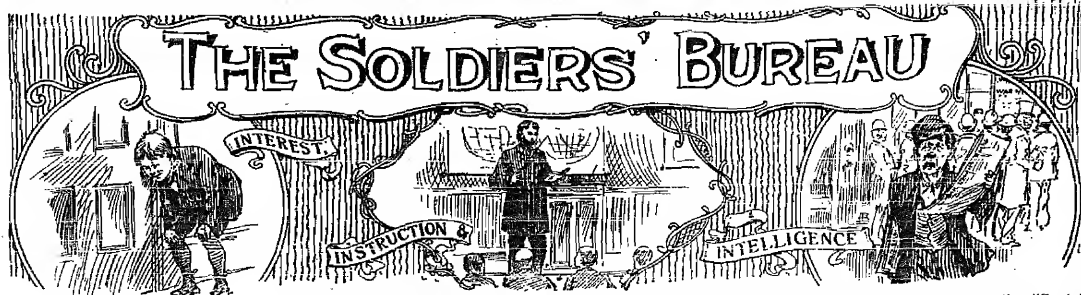
The General had planned to publish a special New Year's Manifesto, but on account of exceptionally great pressure of work has been unable to do the literary work which he had planned to do. An important article from his forcible pen will, however, appear soon in our columns.

—♦—  
Major Southall has been considerably encouraged in his solicitation of donations for the Whinper Building Scheme by a donation of \$500 from a citizen. Many others who are able, do likewise.

—♦—  
Skagway reports that fifty-one Indians have been out for salvation, and that a considerable number of these will become Salvation soldiers.

—♦—  
Adj. Dowell, of St. Johns, Nfld., states that he raised \$320 for his target for St. Johns I. Well done!

—♦—  
The devil doesn't care if the world does believe in a Christian, so long as he disbelieves God.



## TERSE TOPICS.

## The Double Soldiership.

The situation in South Africa is a painful interest for us all. We cannot forget that so many of our loyal-hearted soldiers of the Blood-and-Fire Flag, who are at the same time soldiers of the Queen, are at this moment at the front holding their lives in their hands. The sympathy intensifies as the news reaches us of those of our own comrades who have fallen in the fight. Amongst the number of Army Leaguers, who belong to the renowned Black Watch regiment, there have fallen some of the truest hearts which ever pledged allegiance to Christ as well as to country. A representative letter from one whose name is in the list of killed appeared before its receipt, speaks of a soul which is strong in the comfort and confidence of the Cross on the eve of active conflict.

—♦—

## The Army to the Front.

The special contingent of the Naval and Military League despatched from England is now on "active service." Immediately upon landing they identified themselves with work amongst the sick and wounded. A letter from Plettenburg spoke of the labors of love which they were accomplishing in the hospitals of war, not the least being the despatching of news from the wounded to the anxious ones at home. Long ere this, however, we picture some of the party in possession of the permit which enables them to follow troops to the front, there to render any service to anyone in the name of God's love and the universal brotherhood of man. Amidst the suffering and sorrow of war's stern realities, God grant our soldiers grace to be centres of consolation, cheer, and salvation.

## The Children's Basket.

## A DOG'S LETTER.

Jack is the property of Mr. Slade, of Bristol, Eng., and is a splendid collector for the G. B. M. boxes. He seems to possess an almost human intelligence, as if he knew what blessings and benefits were going to arise from the coins he so cordially barks his "Thank you" for. The latest from him is this letter to the General:

## Jack's Letter.

"My Dear General,—Jack the friend of Lazarus, sends five shillings (\$1.20) for the Indian Famine Fund, and hopes soon to be able to send something for the League of Mercy Expedition to South Africa.

"You recollect me at the Exhibition when I collected over £15 (\$72.05), and when I saw you off from the station at Bristol a short time ago. You promised to let me know if I am to be buried at the Farm Colony. I have not yet heard from you.

"You know my kind master has helped the work of the Salvation Army for many years, and if his health permitted he would do more. Hope

you have had a real soul-saving time in Switzerland, and that you returned in safety. Yours faithfully,  
Dog Jack."

## Jack's Answer.

"My Dear Jack,—Mrs. Booth desired me to answer your letter addressed to the General, and to thank you very warmly for shaking your paw and patting your sleek black head for the five shillings you so kindly sent for poor India's sufferers. We are sorry to hear your kind master's health is not good; you must take care of him this cold weather, and not let him get out in the cold or damp. Perhaps if you are a little obstinate and refuse to go out on such days you will make him stay at home too. We should not advise many dogs to take matters thus in their own hands; but we know you will never abuse any trust placed in you. The only difficulty that we can foresee about your burial at the Farm Colony is the question of conveying you there should you die some distance away; but perhaps your master has already planned this for you. After all that you have done for the Salvation Army it will be nice to feel you are resting in our own land. With Christian regards to your master and another shake paw with your own dear self,  
I am your affectionate friend,  
(Signed) K. Gritton,  
Private Secretary."

## A SOLDIER OF CHRIST AND THE QUEEN.

## What He Did for Santa Lucia.

The uprising of the first harvest led to the sowing of more seed. That was not a very busy station, as a rule, and the days being tropically hot, the shade of the large trees were the soldiers' favorite camping grounds in the blazing afternoons. From under their leafy cover his comrades, lounging and smoking in fatigue dress, watched this man setting forth under the broiling sun—his heavy helmet on his head, and a bundle of War Crys under his arm.

"He must be a little mad," they decided, "but it is a very absorbing and seemingly happy infatuation."

How those Crys became his chosen weapon of attack would be a story in itself. The more he read of the Army, the more he felt the exact suitability of its methods to his own character and the spiritual needs of Santa Lucia. But there was no Naval and Military League in those days to lift this solitary lad on to Headquarters. So the young artilleryman sent for a "P. O." book and concertina, and, armed with these implements of warfare, started to make a Salvation Army of his own account!

With Mrs. Grant as guide and co-worker, the sergeant set off in his leisure hours for the sugar plantations, where he held some vague but restless open-air meetings with the natives there. He started with Sankey's Hymn Book, but, getting more aggressive in his engagements, discarded it after a time for the red Salvation Song Book.

Then, with his own sergeant-major for the converts were very, very poor—a little hall was hired, and this was christened the "Barracks," while the weekly two dozen War Crys prospered under the "sergeant-majorship" of Mrs. Grant. Something very like a little corps was soon in fighting order, though the commander-in-chief could claim no kinship with the Army, save

that of his enthusiasm in the work of saving souls.

"And yet," he says, "perhaps, after all, I was a Salvationist, for in that delightful 'Field Officer' book I found the Articles of War, and as they made up a vow after my own heart I signed my name at the bottom."

Those were original meetings in the little "barracks." The converts were very hushful, and their testimonies were never long-winded, therefore the young sergeant—or "Captain" as the little band of loving black folk liked to call him—had to do a great deal of himself. It was an understood thing that he read twice in every meeting. They were very ignorant, and it took time and trouble to instill into their minds the first principles of salvation, but many did grasp them and became changed characters. At last the time came when their "Captain" was taken away. His time of active service in Her Majesty's forces was over, and he was recalled to the Old Country.

There was an affectionate and fearful farewell from his converts, the fruit-vendor bidding good-bye on board ship, and promising fidelity to God, the Army, and the work which the soldier's example had taught her to love.

So the young artilleryman departed, leaving what seemed a bright opportunity for pasture new at duty's call. Was it to be a fatal interruption? he wondered.

Two years later, a certain Lance-Corporal in Her Majesty's forces, and a Sergeant in the S. A. Naval and Military League, found himself in Santa Lucia in obedience to British Military orders. He could not, of course, wear any badge to speak his allegiance to the King of Kings, so when off duty he always carried his Bible with him, which never failed to elicit attention, and thus opened up opportunity for talk. One day, as he was walking down one of those roads radiant with the tropical splendour peculiar to the West Indies, a native woman caught sight of the book, and stopping, exclaimed eagerly:

"Are you a Christian?"

Assured that he was, her next question was:

"But are you Salvation Army?"

Such words in this dark and far-away little spot, where the Lance-Corporal had no idea any Salvationist had ever set foot, were surprising.

"Yes, I am a Salvationist; but what do you know about the Army here?" he asked.

"Why, I'm Salvation Army too," was the black woman's delighted response. "I've signed the Articles," and pulling the astonished soldier into her hut, she showed him a little room arranged as for a meeting, and with an illuminated copy of the Articles of War fastened on the wall with three signatures appended.

The Lance-Corporal's conductress pointed delightedly to this trophy.

"Bless de Lord, I signed dat long ago—my 'Captain' sent me dem when he went away—see, here he is!" and she produced the photo of a young man in the uniform of a sergeant in Her Majesty's army. "What! you've never heard tell of de Salvation Army to Santa Lucia?"

Why, I was de very first to find de dear Lord after he come. I'll tell you right away 'bout it."

And Mrs. Grant proceeded to recount the tale which we have already told, only at much greater length, and accompanied with considerable rolling of eyes and clapping of hands, as she recalled the scenes in their little barracks further up the hill. But she spoke also of a sequel which we have not told, of the decided stand which had been maintained; of the little Junior's meeting, which she had kept

up in her home after the "Captain" had gone away; and of how the Salvation Army still lived and flourished at Santa Lucia.

Lance-Corporal King, of the Royal Engineers nearly had his breath taken away by the vivid recital. He was overjoyed at the tactics of war which had been maintained, and flinging himself gladly into the channel of such an opportunity, took up the position of shepherd to this little Salvation flock, and before long the plantation "chaparrals" were in full force again, and souls saved were the God-given results.

To-day there is a little band of these "Salvationists" in Santa Lucia, eagerly clamoring from across the sea to Headquarters for officers to be sent thence, ready to establish the organization which they had first learned to know through the young Royal Artilleryman. And who is he? Why, a Salvation Army officer, when last we heard of him, hard at work at International Headquarters. But could you ask Mrs. Grant, in Santa Lucia, who he was, she would most likely reply, without hesitation, "Our first 'Captain'!"—A. L. P.

## What a Soldier Should Know.

## The Object of the Salvation Army.

To persuade the world to submit to God, surrender sin, and embrace the salvation provided by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the Cross, and to enlist in a holy warfare for all right and against all wrong.

## The Origin of the Army.

The work was commenced by the General, then Rev. Wm. Booth, in 1865, in London, Eng. The meetings which he then conducted in the squalid depths of the East End were known as the Christian Mission. It was while engaged in the task of presenting the claims of God to the lowest that the General decided upon the present methods, as being most effective, and re-formed his efforts into a military organization.

## The Army's Present Position.

God has owned and multiplied those early efforts with a measure of success which has astonished the world. The Blood-and-Fire Flag now waves over 41 different countries and colonies. Our War Crys and magazines are printed in eighteen different languages. We have a total of 15,300 officers and employees who are altogether set apart for the work.

## Who is the General?

The Army's first and present General is the Rev. Wm. Booth. (God bless him!) He is in command of the entire Army.

## Who is Our Commissioner?

The officer who now has the command of the work in this Territory is Commissioner Eva Booth, whose devoted leadership has endeared her to all her officers and soldiers. The Commissioner directs and controls the War throughout the Territory.

## What is Our Territory?

This Territorial Division of the Army's work consists of Canada, Newfoundland, North-West America, and Bermuda.

## How the Army Started Here.

The Army work was first introduced by two soldiers of the work in England, who started meetings on Army lines in London, Ont. These young men are now Brigadier Addie and Staff-Capt. Ludgate, of the States. The Army's first leader in this country was Major (now Commissioner) Coombs.



# Christmas Day in Winnipeg

Over 1,100 Poor and Unfortunate People Fed — Nearly All Nationalities and Conditions Represented—Mayor Andrews Opened Proceedings.

By MAJOR SOUTHALE.

THE recent commemoration of the birth of Him Who distinctly made Himself the Friend of the poor, will stand out in the lives of many whose Christmas cheer was enlivened by a little practical Christianity through our free Christmas dinner effort, as one of the brightest for many years. This is not mere conjecture, for the confession was made by several who sat down to our tables, and regaled themselves in a "good square" of roast beef, roast turkey, potatoes, turnips, apple sauce, plum pudding, nuts, candies, etc., etc.

Many could not express their appreciation in words—not understanding the English language—but the language of their eyes and happy expression spoke it with an eloquence of deeper worth than that of the lip.

I see in my mind's eye over and over again that group of Italians, taking up neatly one side of a table. One squaw with a papoose lashed to her back. Baby Indiana seemed quite snug, safe and contented in her (to us) unique position, and enjoyed the proceedings immensely. I could not stop to ascertain whether it was a boy or girl—got anything to eat, or how it managed to get fed.

orol children, and others sick and unable to come. In one case where there was no food in the house for Sunday, our Visiting Sergeant took

Further, I would like to state that all those who availed themselves of the dinner were not absolutely poor, but for various reasons the season would have been dull and uninteresting but for the brightness of the occasion. No, the great West has resources unlimited, and almost incomprehensible, only waiting for the skill and labor of man to develop them into actual worth, and yielding immeasurable results. Still, in the great stream of emigration there must be some who are incapable of rising to the demand, and hence fall back—perhaps through unavoidable circumstances—into a condition of helplessness and consequent dismay. Who shall say that an effort that will bring a day of

Day (though they did not feel it any self-denial) to make the most of the effort. A word of praise might also be given for the services of a few untrained young men, who were up all night putting up tables, etc.

The pots and stockings were a novelty, creating a good deal of interest, and were well patronized.

Winnipeg people know how to be generous, and know a good thing when they see it. Hence the splendid appreciation the Army has in the minds of her best people, and hence, also, the success of the Christmas dinner and the consequent gladdening of hundreds of hearts this Christmas season.

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[From Winnipeg Morning Telegraph, 26-12-'09.]

## THE SALVATION ARMY DINNER.

Over Eleven Hundred Poor People Fed

Christmas Day was a red letter day in Salvation Army circles in this city, the occasion being the Free Christmas dinner for 1,000 poor, and notwithstanding the predictions that not one hundred poor could be collected, the Army fed no less than 1,173 persons, without taking into account the officers, soldiers, and others who assisted to feed the crowd during the day. The tables were set for 240 persons, and at 12 o'clock all seats were full and a large crowd waiting. Mayor Andrews was present at the opening and addressed the crowd. He was followed by Major Southall and Santa Claus, after which the feast began.

To the Salvation Army is due no small credit for its generosity in providing a number of dinners to the deserving poor of the city. It seems a pity that there were no fewer than 1,173 persons to avail themselves of



A Group of Doukhobors

Over there is a group of Doukhobors smiling happily. Here's a whole legion of a table of about 60 children pitching into the smoking delicacies with a hearty relish. It was worth more than the choicest roast turkey and the usual accompaniments in the quiet of one's own home to see that crowd enjoy themselves. Then there was the unfortunate, the hobo, the drunk—though not drunk now—and others.

Several shook my hand and said, "Jolly, mister, but that was a good dinner!" Everything went off like clock-work, no waiting, no confusion, no cross word. Duties were assigned to various persons as superintendents, who had their assistants, and all stuck to their post, and did their duty.

Hence the expression of several influential people who called during the morning as to the system with which everything was done.

Santa Claus, who had made friends with the children during the week, by giving candy when he met them, gave a bag containing nuts, candy, and an apple or orange to everyone who came to the feast. "Big Injun" did a war dance with Santa Claus.

Four Hundred Meals Sent to Homes.

One of the features of the effort was the sending of 400 basket-meals to people who could not come to the barracks. Some of these were quarantined through infection in the home. Some were widows with sev-



some meat, etc., on seeing which the old lady said, "Thank God, my prayer is answered." Seven meals were sent out on Saturday night.

The proceedings were opened by His Worship, the Mayor, who gave some good counsel and advice to the guests. Whatever the past, the future was theirs to make of it what they would; and in this connection it would not be out of place to state that this has been characteristic of Mayor Andrews' administration. The civic authorities are most attentive to any poor brought to their notice.

sunlight and gladness to such is not only commendable, but a duty, devolving upon those better favored?

Thanks?

I should scarcely be doing justice to my brave Chancellor—Adj. Cass—did I not mention the heroic service he rendered. Then there is Adj. Kerr, Esq. Ottaway, and all the officers in the city. Then a number of our brave soldiers and several friends who gave their time freely, and denied themselves of rest and their Christmas

the Army's hospitality, but it is also comforting to reflect that all applying were supplied with Christmas delicacies until the inner man was more than satisfied.

## Opportunity.

Master of lunna destines am I;  
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-  
steps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing  
by  
Hovel and mart, and palace, soon or  
late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise  
Before I turn away. It is the hour of  
fate.  
And they who follow me reach every  
state  
Mortal desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or  
hesitate  
Condemned to failure, poverty and woe  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,  
I answer not, and I return no more.  
—John J. Ugaldis.

Surely love conquers all, is immeasurably above all ambition, more precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul, who hath not enjoyed it.



after the "Captain" ; and of how the still lived and flour-

King, of the Royal had his breath taken ld recital. He was racticles of war which d, and flinging the channel of such ock up the position his Little Salvation long the plantation full force again, and the God-given re-

a little band of those Santa Lucia, cager across the sea in officers to be sent omish the organiza and first learned to young Royal Artil- ho is he? Why, a officer, when last e d at work at Inter- ters. But could you n Santa Lucia, who d most likely reply, "Our first 'Cap

## Should Know.

the Salvation Army, world to submit to n, and embrace the by the sacrifice of Cross, and to enlist are for all right and

of the Army. commenced by the r. Wm. Booth, in eeting. The meetings conducted in the he East End were istina Mission. It in the task of pre- f God to the lowest decided upon the is being most ef- ed his efforts into ion.

ment Position. and multiplied those a measure of suc- essful the world. Flag now waves ntries and colon- s and unassisted leca different lan- a total of 15,300 ces who are alto- the work.

General? and present Gen- r. Wm. Booth. took a command of the

mmisloner? now has the com- n this Territory is r. Booth, whose de- s endeared her to dders. The Com- and controls the Territory.

Secretary? Division of the i of Canada, New- ed America, and

started here. is first introduced he work in Eng- eetings on Army r. These young idler, Addie and of the States- der in this coun- y Commissioner)

## GAZETTE.

## Promotion—

Cadet Peacock, of the Lippincott Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Dundas.

## Appointments—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER to take charge of Godelsch.

ADJT. ORCHARD, of Palmerston Corps and District, to Stratford Corps and District.

ADJT. BLACKBURN, of Windsor Corps and District, to Petrolia Corps and District.

ADJT. McAMMOND, of London Corps, to Brantford Corps and District.

ADJT. McHARG, of Brantford Corps and District, to Simcoe Corps and District.

ADJT. BRADLEY, of Port Arthur, to Neenawa.

ENSGN WAKEFIELD, of Simcoe Corps and District, to take charge of London Corps.

ENSGN M. GREEN, of Stratford Corps and District, to take charge of Windsor Corps.

ENSGN BRANIGAN, of Wingham, to Sarnia.

ENSGN SCOTT, of Wallaceburg, to St. Thomas.

ENSGN COLLIER, of Listowel, to Wingham.

ENSGN TAYLOR, of Regina Corps and District, to Port William.

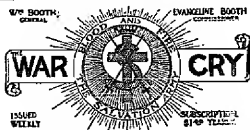
ENSGN A. HAYES, of Devil's Lake Corps and District, to Port Arthur.

ENSGN HYDE, of Social Farm, to Davenport Corps.

Cadet A. Duder, of St. Johns Men's Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant, at Burin.

Cadet A. Knight, of St. Johns Men's Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Bonne Bay.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



PRINTED for Evangelina Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Smith, at the Salvation Army Printing House, at Admont, Ontario.

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All communications on matters referring to public notices can be sent at the rate of one cent per line per two columns, if enclosed in stamped envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

## The Massey Meeting.

The topic at Territorial Headquarters is the coming Massey Hall Demonstration. Every preparation is being made to make it the climax of anything yet attempted. Miss Booth is anxious that it should be such, and both the Chief and the General Secretary are busy with the arrangement of the details.

Of course, the influence of such a meeting is not only felt in the city of Toronto, but spreads throughout the whole Territory, inspiring our brave and devoted talkers in the Ice-bound Yukon District, and quickening the pulse of the workers in Newfoundland.

For details of the meeting we refer to the General Secretary's notes on page four, and to the advertisement on page sixteen.

Let every comrade pray that the Commissioner's physical strength may be fully equal to the occasion, and that the object-lessons of the meeting, backed by the intensely-felt words of the Commissioner, may in an excep-

MISS BOOTH'S  
NEW YEAR'S DINNER

With Her T. H. Q. and Toronto City Officers

—AT—

LIPPINCOTT ST. BARRACKS.

The New Year's dinner has now become a regular institution in Toronto, and is looked forward to with much anticipation of cheerful social intercourse and spiritual blessing. About a hundred Staff and Field Officers assembled at 5 o'clock, Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, in response to the General Secretary's letter.

The tables were well provided with the ingredients that constitute an orthodox Christmas dinner, and ample justice was done to the spread of good things. It was a wise man who first stated that cheerful conversation, with an occasional laugh, aided digestion's progress; and this advice was followed in this instance; indeed, it was well, otherwise we fear nightmares would have claimed numerous victims, and disturbed their rest during the succeeding night.

After the repeat, some time was allowed for the clearing away of the tables, and the arranging of seats, before the meeting began.

A swinging song, some hot prayers and choruses, soon brought every mind into harmony with the spirit of the occasion. A number of speakers were called upon for their after-dinner speeches.

## After Dinner Speeches.

Major Smeaton started the ball rolling with a neat address, nicely rounded and expressive of peace and prosperity, as well as good-will.

He was followed by an old veteran, Capt. Peacock, who gave a soundly ringing, personal testimony.

Staff-Capt. Archibald reported progress personally in his corps, and believes that the city is at the feet of the Salvation Army; while Adjutant

Scarr made a trim, well-wordsed stump-speech that took everybody by surprise, and was finished before we knew it. "The angels may envy my place as a stout-winner, but I've got it," were her finishing words.

A proper agricultural address by the farm-governor, Adj. Miles, was much applauded.

Then followed Mrs. Read, in her well-known able manner, and Major Turner, full of hope and push.

At this juncture Staff-Capt. Creighton sang a verse of

"'Tis rolling in, 'tis rolling in,"

The sea of love is rolling in.

The next speaker was Brigadier Friedrich, who declared his determination to seek the better advancement of the cause dear to us all.

Staff-Captain Mantou interestingly dwelt on his early recollection of the Salvation Army 17 years ago.

Brigadier Pugmire earnestly spoke of the great desire to save souls, which he meant to do more diligently during this year than ever.

Lieut.-Colonel Marjett spoke of his godly mother and her influence over his life, and aptly referred to the beautiful dying words of D. L. Moody.

Colonel Jacobs was himself. He chose his illustration well and spoke to the point.

The Commissioner's risk was the signal for a deafening and prolonged applause.

## The Commissioner's Talk

was fervent and timely. Her words quickened all the imaginations that make for righteousness, strengthened every holy ambition, and sharpened our spiritual perception. Sorry as we were to still notice traces of her recent indisposition, yet we also perceived the intensity of her spirit surmounting all obstacles, and reaching out in the endeavor to inspire those under her charge to greater daring and more telling toil in the great task of bringing this world to Christ. We sincerely hope that she may write the article of which she spoke as having a desire to pen for the War Cry, "Wanted, Better Eyesight!"

May we all be quickened to perceive opportunities to bless, to help, to find, and to save!—An Officer.



## HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

By ONE IN IT.

The Men-Cadets who are in Training now at the Temple will, it is announced, be commissioned about the 1st of February.

—[1]—

The arrangements for the Field Commissioner's big meetings in Massey Hall, in February, are receiving the attention of several of Headquarters' officers.

—[1]—

About twenty men Cadets will be coming into Training for the next session.

—[1]—

Adj. Adams now fills the position of J. S. M. at Davenport.

—[1]—

Ensign Hyde, late of the Farm Colony, has just been appointed to the command of the Davenport corps.

—[1]—

Special prayer is made each day at our noon knee-drill for our comrades who are at the battle's front in the present South African war.

—[1]—

Adj. Attwell, of the Editorial Staff, has a brother with the Coldstream Guards now on active service in South Africa.

—[1]—

Major McMillan appears to be improving. Comrades, pray for him. Alex., one of the Major's sons, is now employed in the General Secretary's office at T. H. Q.

## THE WEEK

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Toronto Company of the Canadian Contingent, with 200 Queenslanders, have scored a victory by capturing a camp of Cape Dutch rebels near Sunnyside. The larger, with tents, rifles, and records, and forty prisoners, was taken, while the loss was only two Queenslanders. Nordrecht has been abandoned by the British—General French engaged the Boers with success, killing fifty and taking fifty prisoners. He controls the bridges across the Orange River near that place. In a more recent night attack by the Suffolk Regiment, the Boers gained a victory, with about fifty killed and wounded, and seventy prisoners. Karmann, in Bechuanaland, which has been bravely defended by the South African Police for two months, has fallen. The Boers captured 120 prisoners and a quantity of ammunition.—A Mafeking despatch, of Dec. 20th, describes a British sortie which resulted in a loss of 21 killed and 33 wounded out of a total of 80 men who composed the storming party.—Colonel Plumer, with 2,000 Rhodesian troops, is marching to the relief of Mafeking.—The passengers of the captured steamer "Bundschuh" have been allowed to proceed to Lorenzo Marquez. Two other steamers, "General" and "Herzog," of the same German line, have been detained; the former has since been released. One of the American vessels detained has been allowed to proceed, but was compelled to discharge her cargo of flour, which is warehoused pending a decision of the prize-court.

Both the German and the American Governments have lodged protests against the seizures.—General White, who has just recovered from fever, reports that the Boers attacked Ladysmith on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, early at dawn, and desperate fighting ensued which lasted all day. Some of the outlying British trenches were taken and re-taken three times. Not until midnight were the attacking forces driven back by the Devons at the point of the bayonet.—A battle near Colenso is impending.

—[1]—

INTERNATIONAL NEWS.

The French Government (Senate) has condemned the conspirators against the Republic, Mm. Buffet, Salués, and Deroudele to ten years banishment; M. Guérin, the anti-Semite who so long harried the house against the police, was sentenced to ten years' confinement in a fortified place.—The French are reported to have been defeated by the Chinese soldiers near Kowchawin, China, in a recent engagement. The French lost 30 men. The trouble arose over the murder of two French naval officers by Chinese.—The Austro-Hungarian Government has resolved to spend 100 million dollars on the immediate increase of her army and navy, as a result of the critical European situation.—The German Emperor, in his New Year's speech to his troops, stated that he was firmly resolved to preserve the unity of the Empire, and to make the navy as efficient as the army.—It is believed that the modus vivendi between Great Britain and France, regarding Newfoundland, will be extended for another year.—Denmark is anxious to sell her West Indian possessions, which have been offered to the U. S. A. for 75 million dollars.—The New York State Commission recommends that 60 million dollars be expended in improving the inland waterways.

—[1]—

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. Brooks, of the Oburch Missionary Society, stationed at Ping-Tin, was murdered by Chinese rebels on Dec. 3rd.—The British steamer, Bourghese, of Glasgow, foundered off Cape Finisterre, in a hurricane; 22 lives were lost, only nine survived.

Miss Rachel Ferguson, of Toronto, 28 years of age, was murdered behind the jail gates, by an unknown man, apparently for robbery.—The Rabonle Plague is spreading in Honolulu, and infected buildings are burned.—The Asiatic quarters of the city are quarantined.—Mabel Field, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., 18 years, saved a passenger train from plunging over a burning bridge, by raising the dangerous just in time.

CHASING  
THE  
DEVIL

## THE BRITISH

The General spent the day in London. He also conducted some in the Town Hall.

Viscount Hampden the Annual Thanks the Women's Society to the meeting his several branches of

The Postal Department at high press; this year the above the average. faithful Secretary affairs to Mrs. Booth Department about answered 163 letters, a day during the Christmas week.

Brigadier Joffre's stout dealt with eight of literature in four

Some of the Christmas Mrs. Booth for distillations are often and was a trifle entertaining of a completely-furnished property.

The Chief's meeting don handmen at have greatly delighted were present. Minceived some half-handmasters and pressing the utmost the Chief's fatherly insight into the temptations and ne

## SOUTH

The latest South We understand of the Canadian Corps rivet in Cape Town have since proceeded were closely associated vation Army in the Dominion right up departure. They highest terms of skouer, and agree wonderful work in the Australian troops Army well, and reput as a great leader

Many of our officers Old Country, and South Africa, are xious enquiries from and friends across of them have but of the size of hundreds of miles cases, separate on actual scene of bo

In the event of herley being affected near future to recover from some of our have been shut up past five or six wences will be reinter

From Pictorial-madman H. A. Ashmurray is visiting in hospital, while there are a number have relatives who both sides. All to get through to Monday. On our i we had a nice meet Sunday night. Ad.





# WOMAN'S WORK.

## Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. BOACH.

### LESSON VIII.

#### HOW TO MARRY WISELY.

Then, there is this lesson also that we learn from the study of the life of this noble woman of God, and it is a lesson of vital importance to both young men and women, because there is so much involved in it, not only in relation to this life, but also in relation to the life which is to come. It is the vital question of marriage. The family, the community, the church, to state, and the world, all are dependent upon the institution of marriage; and this institution was ordained by God in the time of man's innocence in Paradise. God only ordained three institutions—the family, the church, and the state. To these three institutions the subject of our lecture belonged, and gave her heart, and soul, and time, and talents, to build them up. She was devoted to the family, to the church, and to the state. I know that I am treading on very delicate ground in venturing to speak on this subject, so vital to the male, and more so to the female, side of the house. Woman was created for man, and man was created for woman. In this sense Catherine Mumford was created for William Booth, and William Booth was created for Catherine Mumford; and the Booth family, the Salvation Army, and the peopling of heaven with precious, blood-bought souls is the grand outcome of the union formed by this young man and woman over forty-two years ago. I must be very careful as to what I say on this question of more than ordinary importance.

#### "Making Matches."

It is the easiest thing in the world to settle somebody else's matrimonial arrangements, but when it comes to settling one's own it is quite another question, and those who are most ready to give advice upon it make the most egregious blunders in their own matrimonial affairs. John Wesley made a rule that none of the preachers should marry without laying the character, and tastes, and piety of the woman of his choice, before the brethren. It was very good advice, and it ended in him marrying a miserable wretch of a woman, who was unworthy of the hand and heart of any man in marriage. More blunders are made on this line of life than on any other, and there is only one class of people who make more blunders than men in their marriages, and that is women in the men whom they suffer to marry them. Let us put the young men and women on the stand for a moment. Let me begin with the young man. What kind of a wife do you want? Well, she must be a woman of good common sense, sound in judgment, wise in counsel. She must be a first-class house-keeper, and make home as much like heaven as possible. She must have a fair education. I do not say she must have graduated from some university, and be able to talk different languages—an average woman can talk as much in one language as a man cares to hear. But her education counts for something if her husband should be called to fill some important position in the state or in church affairs. If her husband becomes a professional man—say a barrister, or a judge, or a physician, or a statesman, or a clergyman—she should be able to fill her position as his wife with grace and ability. If you intend to choose a wife, I think it would be wise for you to choose your occupation first.

#### First a Place, Then a Wife.

You cannot tell what will be the principal qualities needed in a wife until you have determined what shall be the particular sphere of life in which you intend to move. When you have settled your occupation or profession, then choose one who will have with you similar tastes, and will be able to move in the society in which you move with gracefulness and dignity. Then, she should be a good cook and able to do all kinds of household work, and if the servant struck for higher wages, the wife ought to be able to say to

the girl, "Here is your money, and there is the door—go. I am equal to your work and mine, too." If she knew she had to go she wouldn't want to. Then, she must be economical. There is only one thing that exceeds a man's ability to earn money, and that is woman's ability to spend it. Some women will keep their husbands poor and in debt no matter how much they may earn. Economy is a lesson that every wife should learn and practice. They should keep a strict account of all their receipts and disbursements. Some women, and men, too, do not know what strict economy means. Then another excellence in a good wife is, she must love her home if it is only an inferior little cottage, and spend most of her time in her own house and in the house of God. I would not have her always in the kitchen doing the rough work, but she must love her home, and husband, and children, and God. A woman must be willing for the sake of her children, to do, under the influence of reason and religion, what the bird does from her unintelligent impulses of nature. Her children are a charge for which she

must forego some of the advantages and disadvantages, as well as the enjoyments of social life and even some of the social pleasures of religion. She who would have a maternal power over her children must give her company to them. It is not for her to be ever craving after parties, or to feel it a hardship to be denied them. The secret of her beneficent influence lies in a life of retirement. Thus Paul's counsel is very good, wherein he says, "Teach the young women to be keepers at home." I would not have a woman incarcerated in her own house, so as never to go abroad or enter into company. She who is devoted to her family needs occasional relaxation amidst the pleasures of society, and especially the exhilarating engagements of public worship. There are some mothers who are such absolute slaves to their children that they scarcely ever stir from their houses even to the house of God. This is an error in one extreme, which may be avoided by method and despatch. But some run into the opposite extreme, and will not even for the benefit of their children, give up a social party, or a public meeting. The woman who is not prepared to make any sacrifices of this kind should never think of entering the marriage life. A married woman, or any other man, has not any time to waste in going to balls, and dancing parties, and theatres; sometimes flirting with other women's husbands, neglecting the duties of wife and mother. A good wife will look well after her own husband.

(To be continued.)



By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Murder.

"Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

The house of the Conways was situated in a very respectable suburb of Binsford.

With a piteous look upon her face the widowed mother sat watching her son all night for the return of her son. She sent up a prayer for help, and felt comforted.

She was resolved that she would appeal to Ralph in the end, and do her utmost to bring about a change of living. Her sorrow was eating her very life away. She felt she could not longer endure this great burden, and when she passed away the last link that bound her boy to hope and goodness would be snapped—then what would become of him?

Hour after hour the little time-piece on the mantle marked in their flight. Still no step was heard.

Midnight sounded—still she kept her vigil.

The hired helper had long since gone home. Mrs. Conway kept no one in the house at night, lest they should spread the story of her son's disgrace.

Poor soul, she did not know how swiftly such reports had travelled.

A great fear and loneliness fell upon her. She could not shake it off.

The boys of Ralph's set were having a "hot time" down in the city that night. What scenes were witnessed in the strictly private room of a certain rendezvous shall not be named, but at an early hour in the morning the party broke up.

It had been an extra time of drinking, of hilarity, and excess. So much so that Ralph's nerves—it must have been so, surely no mortal man could descend to such depths of deep savagery as Conway did, apart from such a condition. We must believe it was so—whether it was so or not, the fact of what took place is dreadfully true, and that is the saddest part of the story.

Chapter in two human lives. Ralph's nerves, already wrecked, gave way under the venom of the various drinks—they sting like a serpent and bite like an adder—and the laugh

with which he left the gilded glitter of the "blaze" circle of his associates changed as he made his rapid, though unsteady, way toward the home where his mother, woe-begone and wasted, still watched for his return.

He fumbled and stumbled at the door, but could not fit the key into its place.

Mrs. Conway went forward and unlatched the door, then stood back, just under the gas-light, to let him enter.

He met her gaze of grief and horror with a wild leer. Then he made as though he would dart past her up the stairs.

She knew not her danger, dear heart. She snatched at him and held his arm with both hers. "Is this my Ralph?" she screamed. "Ralph, Ralph!" she called in pleading tones, as though he were not there.

A fiendish, hollow "Ha, ha, ha," was his response.

He sought to escape her, but she would not let him go.

His face glowered with the glare of a fearful madness as though illumined with lurid shafts of red light from the abyss. Then, as she held him, he drew a knife, and raised it up. He sought to dash the blade into her heart, but an unseen hand held it back.

She knew no fear of him, and again she reproached him.

The very softness of her tones added madness to madness. As if he heard the story it was said he raised the blade again, and again was mysteriously held back from the deed; a third time with an exclamation his hand flew up and as swiftly down, the blade sank into the mother heart—she fell murdered at his feet!

(Note to reader.—Was it the boy or was it the drink?—J. C.)

Of the hue and cry that was made, the rush of people, the heavy tramp, tramp, tramp of the police, the inquiry, the trial, we need not speak. Only to remind you, reader, that the girl, the mother wanted a boy, and it got him, and you have read what it made of him when it got him. It wants another.

Mother, father, can you spare yours?

## The Lamp of His Law.

### THE SPIES' MISSION.

Joshua II. 8-14.

Joshua's position as leader of the Children of Israel was now an accomplished fact. It did not take him long to prove himself in possession of those efficient traits necessary to the guidance and control of a nation—in short, he speedily manifested that his appointment had been of Divine ordering.

He showed wisdom before he showed courage. This is very essential in a leader. There are some who consider that daring and caution cannot be united, but in the master mind of a multitude they should always blend. In Joshua they did so.

Subsequent events proved how far from lacking in courage was Israel's new leader when actually confronted by the foe, but he valued the safety of his charge too much to risk it unnecessarily. Bravery and bravado are two very different things. Hence, having brought, under God's leading, the people to Jordan's boundary line he halted for the purpose of reconnoitering. The errand of the spies would discover the numbers and strength of the foe. How many a battle has been lost or won through the knowledge or ignorance of the enemy's position. The secret of success or failure depends mainly on this. It is a bad thing to over-estimate your opponent, but it is even more dangerous to under-estimate him.

The story of the peril, safety, and success, which attended the spies' mission is one of those remarkable instances of the infatigable preservation and prosperity with which God delights to surround those who run His errands. We can but think that some message of revelation was sent to the heart of this heathen woman, which enabled her to discern the righteous errand and personal danger of the two strangers who lodged at her house. Her faithfulness to God's messengers did not go unrewarded—the safety of herself and her relatives was the outcome when the city lay at the mercy of the Heaven-blessed invaders.

Yet the woman had something to do in her own salvation. Without the scarlet line, which she had bound at her visitors' direction, in her window all that her house contained would have fallen victims with those of their neighbors. Its presence was the blood directed to be marked upon the doorposts at the institution of the Passover in Egypt, the symbol of the eternal salvation of God? The Blood of Christ is the one and only sign in which dwells safety to the hour when God's justice shall visit the universe.

Referring to the proposed first reading room, Mr. Wright said, "It appears to me the S. A. is the proper agency to deal with the conditions and class of people in Dawson City, and take up this work. We must give it our support."

God can always fill an emergency. We may fancy ourselves indispensable to His cause, yet, all the same, when the time comes for us to step out of the work, He will have another man ready to step into it. Moses' readiness to end and Joshua's willingness to begin were both the result of a perfect submission to the will of God. It is through such men He delights to manifest Himself to the world.



## His Law.

## MISSION.

8-14.

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The representative of the composing room were anything but a composed expression. "Look at this," he exclaimed, thrusting into our reluctant grasp a document which we recognized as a corps report. "The type-setter's done his best, the foreman's done his best, and I've done my best, but what this thing's meant for we can none of

us make out." We sighed a despairing sigh, having struggled through those hieroglyphics ourselves, as we strove to make them legible. The writing of the report in question was beyond description. The correspondent, who shall be nameless, will now understand why he looked in vain for the production of his pen last week.

## The Cart Before the Horse.

That incident decided for us what subject our "Chat" should discuss this week. It may be criticized that to deal with HOW a report should be written before suggesting WHAT should be written is putting the cart before the horse! But seeing that, in some cases, it is only with extreme difficulty that we can decipher the matter of the reports at all, we have the criticism and proceed to one of the greatest essentials in the scribbling world—

## Writing that Can be Read.

We are not all born to greatness nor to achieve exquisite triumphs of copper-plate penmanship, but should we not at least attempt to make our selves understood? In our school-days it was sufficient if our efforts might all be classed under "pot hooks and hangers," but to have our older work described as "flower pots," or the fantastic imprint of a fly's lanky foot, seems a bit of a disgrace. In writing for the press extra spaces and dashes may well be dispensed with—instead of putting in time at ornamenting, take a little extra to form each letter plainly, so that the printers' eye-sight and temper may not be taxed beyond endurance. Most of our War Cry is set on the Linotype, and as the speed of this is necessarily great, the operator has not time to do a lot of puzzling out. But a word to the wise is sufficient!

## Black Ink and White Paper.

The need for a hint of preference for these two commodities is greater than some may think. The writer has been confronted sometimes with a report ple representing almost every color of the rainbow. Don't use artistic hues in type—the effect is most dazzling.

White paper is infinitely preferred to yellow, and, for "copy" purposes, should be neither too large nor too small. There have been known reports which it needed a yard measure to estimate, and others so small that it was a miracle if they were not lost altogether. Do we need to remind our correspondents that reports should never be written on both sides of the paper?

Note.—What we have said re white paper need not affect the use of post cards, which some of our contributors may find the most convenient.

## The Best Report of the Week.

## SKAGWAY.

The Indian work grows apace and it is getting very interesting. We are now having two Indian meetings on Sunday—one at 8 a.m., another at 5 p.m.—so with our other three meetings and Sunday School, making six gatherings for the day, we have not much breathing time. Forty-five have, up to the time of writing, professed conversion. The interpreter has become a soldier; his whole soul is taken up with the salvation of "his people." His wife is very intelligent, with a fine, prepossessing appearance, and is going to be enrolled. Others have expressed their desires in this direction. My heart has been drawn out so much to these people. I hope to visit them a tiny, simple, humble, beautiful people, shuffling of course without Christ—some of them indulging in the curse of these western cities, gambling and kindred evils, but Jesus is breaking the fetters. It would do the War Cry Staff good to see their shining faces. We had the joy, too, of seeing a white man in our afternoon meeting yesterday, weeping out his sins before God.—Mrs. Adj. McGill.

AMHERST.—Things have been rather low, but are coming up. Nine souls of late. Crowds and collections nearly doubled. S.D. target reached. Many thanks to the kind friends who helped us. A beautiful place to sell War Cry—we very seldom have one left for Sunday. Our recent charity jubilee was a success. Quite a crowd came to listen to the little ones sing and recite, which they did beautifully.—F. J. Clarke and K. Pemberton.

BISMARCK.—Final farewell of Captain Halston. Sunday and Monday Capt. Stevens with us. We rejoiced to see three souls in the Fountain, one a man about 45 years old who has been a Roman Catholic and a very heavy drinker.—Fred. Bond, Lieut.

## Major Pickering Forthrightly Represents the Social Work.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—To say that Major Pickering's visit was appreciated is far too mild. At the Saturday meeting the Major spoke particularly of South Africa. The discourses on Sunday were pregnant with gems of practical thought, delivered with true Holy Ghost eloquence; there were visible results in both soul-saving and consecration. Monday evening the Major delivered his celebrated Social lecture to an audience that listened eagerly until a late hour. The Army will be better understood here as a result. He was accompanied on the trip by Lieut. T. Urquhart, whose cornet music was good.—H.

CLINTON.—We had a Christmas Tree for the children, which was a grand success. The last Sunday of the old year six precious souls met at the Cross. Three Juniors and three back-sliders came home, and while the last

moments of the old year were passing away one soul sought salvation.—Fred Brown.

## The Mender of All Things.

DAWSON CITY.—Sunday night, bar-nicks full. Magnificent meeting. Three soldiers stood up to be enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire flag, and a fourth came along after the meeting and declared his intention to become a true Salvation warrior. One of the above-mentioned soldiers was indifferent to the claims of God till reaching Dawson, the other two were reformed backsliders, one of whom knelt at the drum head during the summer. Two of the new soldiers stand six feet high and have a very powerful physique. The devil will have to look out.—Adjutant Morris.

DRAYTON.—No souls have been converted since last report, although we believe many have been converted. Good meetings all day Sunday. Capt. Tynn farwelled on Sunday night. Bro. Hill gave us a very interesting address on behalf of Captain's farwelling, whom we are very sorry to lose, but we pray that God will bless him wherever he goes.—Rose Cooper.

## What Came of Asking, "May I Come In?"

GLACE BAY.—Lord, save souls, was the prayer of every soldier in our private holiness meeting on Friday night. A young lady came to the door and asked the Captain if she could come in to the meeting. Captain said, "Yes, you need holiness." Before the meeting closed she knelt at the patient form and got saved.—Sergt. Major.

GRAND JUNCTION.—The soldiers of this corps thank our friends for their kind gifts given towards the helping of the Christmas dinner at Lewiston.—J. N. Sargent.

## A Salvation Santa Claus.

HAILEX L.—The Christmas Cry was very good indeed, and the Juniors' Christmas Tree was grand. Crowded house to witness the distribution of presents to the children. J. S. S.-M. Romans' impersonation of Santa Claus was all that could be desired. Quite a few have sought and professed to find Jesus as their personal Saviour since last report.—Treas. Cashlin.

HUNTSVILLE.—While our officers were away at Major Turner's meetings and councils at Brucebridge we have seen souls saved. Tuesday, at soldiers' meeting, one weary wanderer from God, who was sick in bed, was prayed into the Kingdom. On Sunday last a soldier who had laid down the cross also returned, and a shout of victory went up as she voluntarily told us of her determination to take it up again. Then on Wednesday two more volunteered for salvation.—J. H. Sergt. Major.

LETHBRIDGE.—We have just celebrated our second Christmas in this corps, which surpasses anything yet. Sunday, Santa Claus, our Financial Spectator, was with us for four real good days. "Specials" each night large crowds, splendid collections, and above all, souls in the Fountain. Upon the stroke of the midnight hour, which told us of another Christmas, thirteen of the comrades, led by the Ensign,

assisted by the cornet, bass, accordion, and autoharp, went out on a caroler's tour. The friends visited, showed deep appreciation, and invited us in to partake of their Christmas fare. We are praying for one dear brother, whom we trust will step out on God's promises through the instrumentality of the Lethbridge carollers. Our Lieutenant (now Captain) Wick farwelled for Edmonton on Sunday.—Wm. Farrow, R. C.

LARBON.—Christmas time triumphant. The tree was full of presents. We believe for great victories in the future.—C. R. R. C.

MISSOULA.—Captains Southall and Walrath gave a turkey dinner to the soldiers and friends of the Army which was highly appreciated. The children's demonstration, consisting of songs, recitations, and, last but not least, Santa Claus, was a great success.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

MONTREAL.—Sunday afternoon Staff Capt. Taylor led a special meeting. Two recruits were enrolled at night. Capt. Jones and Downey farwelled after nearly eight months' fighting with us. God has blessed their efforts, and the prayers and blessing of soldiers and friends go with them to their new appointment.

## Faith and Farewells.

NELSON, B. C.—On Friday night one soul sought and found the Pearl on Mount Zion, and on Saturday night we rejoiced over our Self-Denial effort with a coffee and cake social, which was a grand success. On the following Wednesday Brigadier Howell conducted his farewell meeting, and on the Sunday following, Adj. Woodard and Capt. Miller farwelled for another part of the field. They are leaving a lot of kind-hearted friends in Nelson who wish them Good-speed.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.—Just had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Jennings, who have been resting for some time. The meetings well attended all day Sunday. On Monday Ensign L. Larder with us. A number of our soldiers who have been away to the woods, came home for Christmas. We have also welcomed into our midst again Secretary Bessie Ashford, who has spent some months in C. B.—Lieut. M. A. Melke, for Capt. A. B. Jackson.

NEW GLASGOW.—Began our Christmas celebrations by holding an open-air at 10:30 a.m. Out again in the afternoon at 3 p.m., and again at 7 p.m., our farewell meeting. Read of the Love demonstration at 7:30 p.m. The children are making great progress in their drills, recitations, and solos, owing to the great care and attention bestowed upon them by J. S. S.-M. Forsey. Wednesday we had a heart-searching soldiers' meeting, when some of the comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart. Thursday night a red-hot salvation meeting, ending up with two souls in the Fountain. Friday night, instead of the holiness meeting, we devoted the evening to cleaning our barracks, making it clean for the New Year. Good meetings all day Sunday. In the afternoon we had a dedicated service, when Adjutant Byers dedicated to God the infant son of J. S. S.-M. Forsey. In the evening

we had a red-hot battle for souls with one backslider at the Cross seeking mercy. The watch-night service began at 11 p.m. Capt. Ryan and Lieut. Lelans, of Stellarton, were present. We finished up with music seeking the blessing of a clean heart. The brass band is being reorganized under the leadership of Bandmaster Aleck.—C. E. Stevens.

NEWMARKET.—Grand closing of the old year. Blessings showered upon us. Soldiers on fire. Two souls decided for Christ. Watch-night service a real old timer. Two more souls for salvation and several for consecration. Am.

PEARCETON.—Beautiful meetings at Gilmor's Corners. People love the Army and are delighted to attend a meeting. Two meetings at Iron Hill. Blessed times, souls left the power, sinners convicted. Much credit is due to Father Sargent, of Pearceton, who furnishes a horse, free of charge, to drive fifteen miles to the above-named places, and back again. God bless him abundantly. Yours to conquer, L. Newell.

## Fifty-two Souls in One Week.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Our officers have farwelled, after fighting with us six months—six months of victory, for our H. P. target was smashed, we went \$10 over our S.-D., and the last week of their stay 52 souls knelt at the Cross.—Bijah Blackmore, Treas., for Capt. Sparks and Lieut. Rander.

## Indians Advancing.

PORT SIMPSON.—The winter months are our harvest in Port Simpson, as far as soul-saving is concerned, for when March comes they commence to fish, and they have to go to the fishing grounds. Port Simpson is a quiet place in summer time. I was in Port Essington a week ago, for the Saturday and Sunday. We saw one soul saved and enrolled one soldier. I also dedicated a child. They will have a very good barracks when finished. It is 60x20, strongly built, a credit to the thrift and courage of the soldiers, and they only owe \$130 on it. While I was away the soldiers had good times in Port Simpson. Souls got blessed and saved. On our way back we stopped at Medaktha for the night and the Captain of the Church Army asked me to take the meeting, which I did. My soldiers, Bros. Moody, Pierce, and Bennett assisted, and we had a very good time together. The Captain was very kind to us, and gave us shelter for the night and looked after us well. Yesterday I dedicated another baby, Herbert James McKay, and also enrolled 16 more souls. The wife of one of the men that was enrolled got saved in the night meeting.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We have had another visit from our T. F. S. Meetings were times of blessing to both saint and sinner. The lantern service was much enjoyed by all. Two backsliders returned to God. G. B. M. work progressing. New store boxes put the thing, and the Ensign smiles when he sees the white cents piled up in them.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

ST. JOHNS N. B.—An assembly night four prisoners were captured from the ranks of the enemy, and more on Monday night. Our week of Self-Denial has rolled by. Sergt. Major Coffin and Sergt. G. Lewis being the champion collectors.—S. Morgan, Sec. Capt. McLean.

#### Six Feet of Salvation and Solids.

VANCOUVER—Adj. Woodruff and Capt. Miller warmly welcomed to the corps. Good meetings on Sunday. One man consecrated his life. Despite the dismal weather, Christmas was a festive time. On the 25th the barracks were decorated, and three times filled with presents. The children rendered a good program of songs and recitations. Two souls have been brought to God during past week. Cadet Currier has fared well for the front of the Lord's battles. Lieut. Jones of the Shelter, is about six feet of salvation and smiles.—R. Korman, Sec. C.

WOODSTOCK, Ontario.—Finished 1839 with a glorious watch-night service. Began 1900 with a grand march, and means to keep marching. One soul came home yesterday. Other contacts coming on nicely.—J. Crawford, Sec. C.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Met the enemy sharp at 7 a.m. and a desperate battle was waged, lasting the whole of the day, and a powerful salvation wave swept four souls into the Fountain at night. Sergt. Major Shea, who has not been feeling very well lately, came into our meeting, and with three more of the comrades who got greatly blessed, was to be seen having a Hallelujah dance. The watch-night service exceeded all previous years. It was conducted by Messrs. and Mrs. Knight. Fourteen of the laid ourselves out before the Lord at night. One backslider came home after having a hard fight, and got a sweeter victory.—Lieut. Denkin.

### Central Ontario Doings.

By MAJOR TURNER

(Continued.)

Two days' special meetings, comprising a Musical Festival, Local and Field Officers' Councils, and a Half-Night of Prayer, was the program for Bracebridge, with a total supper thrown in. The first night's gathering took the nature of a Musical Festival, and a large, appreciative crowd was present. Next morning, at 9:30, the Major met the Local and Field Officers of the District in council, when many matters relative to the progress of the war were discussed. The afternoon council for Field Officers was much enjoyed by all present, and much new received a further stimulus to go forward and prosecute the war with renewed energy and determination. The public meeting and Half-Night of Prayer were both times of blessing, and resulted in four souls coming to the Mercy Seat.

#### Gravenhurst

A drive next day brings us to Gravenhurst, where we had a special festival. This was the last meeting of the officers here, who were forwarding to take charge of the new opening, Sturgeon Falls. The barracks were filled with a splendid gathering. The collections were A. 1, and the meeting did much good. We said good-bye to Adj. Cameron here, who has been with us round about the District, and whose presence we appreciated very much.

#### Midland.

After an early morning trip, I again meet Adj. Wiggins, and in company with him journey to Midland for a special demonstration, and meet with a crowded barracks and much enthusiasm expressed for our work. We had here a Christmas Tree with a special program for the children, which was well rendered, after which Santa Claus came and paid the children a special visit, much to their delight. Capt. Woodruff, and Lieut. Stickle are doing an excellent work here, and God is blessing their labors very much.

#### Orillia.

The week-end was spent in Orillia in company with Adj. Wiggins and

Adj. Fox. Saturday night was a merry children who had gathered were Christmas Tree entertainment, and the the recipients of a number of special presents. Sunday, all day, in spite of a tremendous snow-storm, was a splendid victory. We commenced at 1 o'clock in the morning, when two souls came and gave themselves to God, both of them boys who will doubtless make Junior Cadets in the near future. The holiness and after noon meetings on Sunday, and also the soldiers' meeting which followed the afternoon's meeting, were preparations for what was to come in the evening. At night, after a tremendous struggle, eight more came out for salvation. We wound up at midnight

praising God for all the blessings He had bestowed.

The northern portion of the Province is certainly making an improvement in every way. The Junior work is looking up in nearly every corps; in fact, in every department the work shows tangible increase.

We prefer for the northern corps a most successful winter's campaign. Look well after the Juniors, my comrades, and see to it that during the next few months a permanent increase is gained. God will help you. The fields are white unto harvest, and, with faith in God, backed up by your own efforts, many who are now in darkness and sin will ere long know Jesus as their Saviour.



### ON THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The Holy Scriptures are full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of faith, hope, or charity; they present no idea of these things; they contemplate only the present, and that which man, with the use of material wisdom, can grasp and comprehend. Look not therein for aught of hope or trust in God. But see how the Psalmist and the Book of Job treat of faith, hope, resignation, and prayer; in a word, the Holy Scripture is the highest and best of books, abounding in comfort under all afflictions and trials. It teaches us to love God, to love our neighbor, and to love ourselves; and when evil oppresses us, it teaches how these virtues throw light upon the darkness, and how, after this poor, miserable existence of ours on earth, there is another and an eternal life.

#### How to Judge It.

We ought not to criticise, explain, or judge the Scriptures by our mere reason, but diligently, with prayer, meditate thereon, and seek their meaning. The devil and temptations also afford us occasion to learn and understand the Scriptures, by experience and practice. Without these we should never understand them, however diligently we read and listened to them. The Holy Ghost must have by our only Master and Tutor; and let youth have no shame to learn of that precursor. When I find myself assailed by temptation, I forthwith lay hold of some text of the Bible, which Jesus extends to me; as this, that He died for me, whence I derive infinite hope.

#### Its Mystery Provokes Errors.

He who has made himself master of the principles and text of the word, runs little risk of committing errors. A theologian should be thoroughly in possession of the basis and source of faith—that is to say the Holy Scriptures. Armed with this knowledge it was that I confounded and silenced all my adversaries; for they seek not to fathom and understand the Scriptures; they run them over negligently and superficially; they speak, they write, they agree, according to the suggestion of their headless imaginations. My counsel is, that we draw water from the true source and fountain, that is, that we diligently search the Scriptures. He who wholly possesses the text of the Bible, is a consummate divine. One

single verse, one sentence of the text, is of far more instruction than a whole host of guesses and commentaries, which are neither strongly penetrating nor armor of proof.

#### Surpasses all Other Knowledge.

The Holy Scriptures surpass in effectiveness all the arts and all the sciences of the philosophers and jurists; these, though good and necessary to life here below, are vain and of no effect as to what concerns the life eternal. The Bible should be regarded with wholly different eyes from those with which we view other publications. He who wholly renounces himself, and relies not on mere human reason, will make good progress in the Scriptures; but the world comprehends them not, from ignorance of that purification which is the gift of God's word. Can he who understands not God's word, understand God's works? This is manifest in Adam: he called his first-born son, Cain—him is, possessor, house-lord; this son, Adam and Eve thought, would be the man of God, the blessed seed that would crush the serpent's head. Afterwards, when Eve was with child again, they hoped to have a daughter, that their beloved son, Cain, might have a wife; but Eve, bearing again a son, called him Abel—that is, vanity and nothingness; as much as to say, my hope is gone, and I am deceived.

#### Such is the World's Way.

This was an image of the world and God's church, showing how things have ever gone. The ungodly Cain was a great lord in the world, while Abel, that upright and pious man, was an outcast, subject and oppressed. But before God, the case was quite contrary; Cain was rejected of God, Abel accepted and received as God's beloved child. The like is daily seen here on earth, therefore let us not heed its doings. Ishmael's was also a fair name—hearer of God—while Isaac's was naught. Esau's name means actor, the man that shall do the work—Jacob's was naught. The name of Absalom signifies "father of peace." Such fair and glorious colors do the ungodly ever bear in this world, while to truth and good they are cold, removers, scoffers, and rebels to the word of God. But by that word, we God be praised, are able to discern and know all such; therefore let us hold the Bible in precious esteem, and diligently read it.



### I.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### PHILOPOMEN, THE LAST OF THE GREEKS.

The jealousy of Aratus made the Achæans put themselves under the yoke of Macedonia to overthrow Sparta, but the Macedonian rule soon became odious. Aratus had been chosen nine times as General of the Achæan League, and became for a time the adviser of King Philip, son of Antigonos of Macedonia. Philip, however, soon became suspicious of Aratus and had him imprisoned. He died in 211 B. C., just at the time when Epiphanes of Megalopolis returned from Crete to fight for his country. He was a noble-hearted man and an excellent General, who greatly improved the Achæan army.

Sparta had fallen under the power of a tyrant, Nabis, a cruel man, who had a statue made in the image of his wife, with nails and daggers all over her breast. His enemies were put into her arms, which closed upon the unhappy victim, and so was put to death. He robbed the people and enlisted the scum of humanity in his service. Parties of these murderers were sent out all over the Peloponnese. Once a groom ran away with some horses, and sought refuge at Megalopolis. Nabis made this an excuse to attack the city and Messenia. The Achæan League elected Philopomen as their General, and he so defeated Nabis that he was forced to stay at home, while the Achæans ravaged Laconia.

Philip of Macedonia offered his help in drive out Nabis, but the Achæans now distrusted him. Nabis invited on his part, the Aetolians, from Italy to assist him, but to his own hurt, for these robber-allies murdered him and robbed Laconia.

Philopomen untroubled in the Spartan's aid, defeated the invaders and persuaded the former to join the Achæan League. The Spartans, as a grateful recognition, wished to offer the magnificent palace to Philopomen, but with difficulty could one be found who had the courage of offering the gift, which, however, was refused firmly.

Meanwhile, Philip of Macedonia, assisted by Antiochus, the Greek King of Syria, warred against the Aetolians who had called upon the rising Romans to help them. Philip was completely defeated, and among other conditions of peace, had to renounce all claim of power over Greece. Then at Corinth, at the great Olympian games, the Roman Consul proclaimed that the Greek States were free once more. His announcement was met with a tremendous shout, and the crowds covered to the Consul with garlands, and almost stifled him with their expressions of gratitude.

Quarrels arose through the Spartans suspecting Philopomen to favor the many robber bands who made the country unsafe. An Achæan town was plundered by the Spartans, and the League demanded the guilty ones for punishment. War began, and the old hatred between Achæa and Laconia flared up again. Philopomen put ninety Spartans to death and pulled down their walls, as well as annihilating their laws.

Next the Messenians rose against the League, while Philopomen lay sick. In spite of his illness, and at the age of seventy, he collected troops and marched against the rebels. Through a blow on the head he was stunned, taken prisoner and dragged to the theatre to be exhibited before the people. The populace, however, was nobler than the enemies of Philopomen, and saw in him only the noble deliverer of Greece and the defender of Nabis.

So his enemies hurled him into a dungeon and sent an executioner with the poison-cup to him. Philopomen asked himself and asked whether his Megalopolitan friends had all escaped; upon receiving an affirmative answer, he said, "You bring me good news," and swallowing the draught he hid himself on his back and loudly died. He is called the last of the Greeks of the old school.

(To be continued.)





# THE WAR.

**Salvation Officers at Estcourt—Troops Receive Them Enthusiastically—The Biggest Sinner in Camp—Our Transvaal D. O. with Lord Methuen—The Horrors of War—Salvation After the Battle.**

"Thank God, Estcourt is again open! (I speak only from a Salvation Army standpoint, of course; so far as actual combatants are concerned our position is one of the strictest neutrality, with the strongest disposition to effect the largest possible amount of good among both the opposing forces). A report for our own War Cry of an interesting nature has just come to hand from Capt. Shaw, one of our women-officers, who, with Ensign Hurley, recently proceeded to the front for duty among the troops at Estcourt. In describing their first meeting at the soldiers' camp, she states that the troops received them most gladly and enthusiastically. Some of the men ran to their tents and brought candles, the bayonet serving as a good candle-stick in the centre of the ring. The Captain adds, "From the moment we began the presence of God was felt, and conviction was stamped on many faces. When we closed the meeting the soldiers gave

Three Cheers for the Salvation Army, and one man pressed forward to shake hands and tell us that he felt twenty pounds lighter! Another confessed that he was the biggest sinner in the camp. One and all begged us to come again, as they enjoyed the meeting so thoroughly." Capt. Shaw further states that one of our Durham I. soldiers is now serving in the British ranks at Estcourt, and his testimony at this particular meeting made a splendid impression and called forth cheers from his comrades. The Ensign and Captain are agreed that this was one of the most powerful meetings they have ever been in, and they are hopeful of having permission to continue them while the troops are in camp. They make an appeal for Army literature to distribute among the soldiers, and the Commissioner passes this on to War Cry readers, in the belief that there will be a glad response, not only for Natal, but for all the great military centres in South Africa.

Major Swain and Ensign Scott, who left Cape Town last week for the front, have now come in full touch with Lord Methuen's brigade, which, at the time of writing, are proceeding to the relief of Kimberley, with base at Orange River, where, according to the latest advices they are waiting for

**The Reception of the Wounded**  
in the most recent engagements at Gras Pan, and towards Honey Nest Kloof. Our comrades anticipate pushing on to Kimberley, and in the event of British success, thence to Mafeking and towards the Transvaal. The advantage of this policy is that while our special officers are doing all necessary spiritual work, and administering to the sick and wounded en route, they will be able to come in immediate touch with those of our fellow-comrades who have been so long isolated, extending to them the right hand of fellowship and love, and encouraging them to persevere in the fight. Moreover, they will be able to set up the Salvation banner once again at places where, through no fault of our own, the glorious work has had to be suspended, right up to and beyond Johannesburg and Pretoria. In these directions at least, our British officers and soldiers will wish Major Swain and Ensign Scott "God-speed" and His richest blessing.

Thinking of the suspension of our operations leads me to make special mention of the great and increased difficulties we are facing in the matter of the circulation of our War Cry and Young Soldier. I have already referred, in my previous letters, to the temporary stoppage of all corps work in the Transvaal and Orange Free State Division, and places also in Cape Colony and Natal, which have been, and still are, the scenes of bloody strife. As a matter of course this has meant a very

**Serious Drop in the Circulation** of the War Cry and Young Soldier, and has now necessitated the publication

tion of our Juniors' paper fortnightly, for the nonce, instead of weekly, in order to economise. It is well to state these facts so that War Cry readers may fully realize how great are the obstacles which we have to encounter, and for which we are in no way responsible. The evils of war are becoming increasingly felt in every direction and by every section in the religious world to general, and by the Salvation Army in particular.

The "glories" of war we have yet to discover. The duration of the line at Stormberg Junction now means that we are unable to promptly despatch War Crys to such important centres as Port Elizabeth, East London, King Williams Town, and Queenstown, with places adjacent to the Eastern Division. These can only reach their destination via the sea, and just now the unparalleled activity in the matter of transport arrangements places the ordinary passenger steamers for coast towns wholly at the mercy of the military authorities, with the result that there are tremendous delays both in arrival and despatch of the Union and Castle Companies' boats from Cape Town. The Eastern corps are suffering not a little in consequence.

Adjt. Murray, and the special British Naval and Military Section at Natal are commencing active opera-

## Necessity for Leaving the District

will take Mrs. Bradley with them. Adjt. Bradley arrived in Cape Town with the Zulu Party on Sunday, and on Monday evening they were given a grand welcome of the Cape Town Citadel, under the Commissioner's leadership. They intend making an effort to get through to Mool River as quickly as possible.

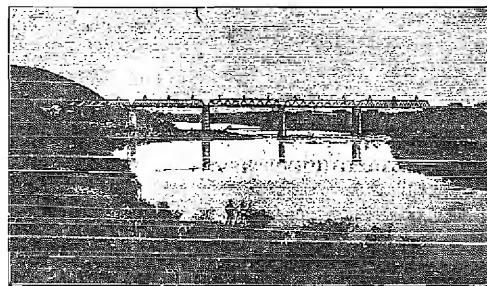
There is plenty of bustle and activity round and about Territorial Headquarters, and soul-saving work is being vigorously carried on in the Western and Eastern Divisions. God lives, and so does the Salvation Army, despite all the horrid outside drawbacks consequent on the war. Hallelujah!

Table Bay just now has an appearance

by Ensign Scott. I shall deal more fully with its contents next week; but your readers will be interested to hear that he and Major Swain have already got well into harness, and within a few hours of their arrival at the camp were instrumental in the salvation of one of the Scots Guards at their first meeting. Both officers are doing

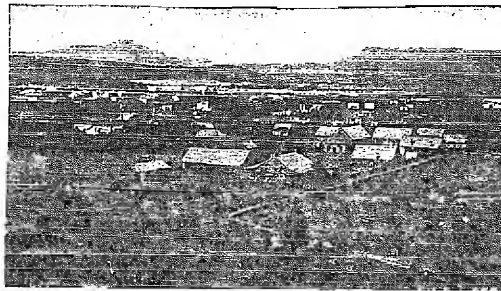
## Splendid Work Among the Wounded,

and their story of some of the horrors of war as witnessed by them is of the most harrowing description. Just one picture, as described by the Ensign, in all its hideous simplicity: "One of the Guards, a big fellow, thrust his bayonet through the body of a Boer, who, with his dying strength shot him through the head,



**Railway Bridge over the Tugela near Colenso.**

This bridge has since been blown up by the Boers. Near this spot the greatest battle of the South African War is expected to be fought.



**View of Ladysmith, Natal.**

This place has been besieged for over two months by the Boers, who were repulsed with great loss in their attempt to take it by assault on January 6th.

tions, and we shall probably be receiving a budget of news from them in the near future. From Major Smith, of Zululand, comes an intimation that no further news has been received concerning the present circumstances or whereabouts of Ensign and Mrs. Hendy. The same thing applies to Capt. Franklin, referred to in my letter a fortnight ago. Fighting has been going on at Mool River (Brammwell Settlement), but Major Smith has no fear of Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's safety, as she is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Boshoff, esteemed friends of the Army, who, if there is any

ance which is unique in the history of the port. Of course, the war is responsible for the presence of many of the vessels crowding the Bay, and it is a forcible demonstration of

## The Maritime Strength

of Great Britain. Inside the docks every foot of heritage is occupied; in the roadstead there are anchored something like thirty or forty ships of all kinds, steam and sail, large and small.

Since writing the above a long, interesting letter reaches me from the military camp at Orange River, writ-

both men dying almost simultaneously!" Well may the Ensign ask—"Is this war, and is this glory?"

As I close the steam whistles at the newspaper offices in Cape Town are being blown at their loudest, illuminating the issue of yet another special edition containing news of a bloody battle at Modder River. I shall obtain the stories of our devoted officers who have been shut up there for the last six weeks as promptly as possible for despatch to the War Cry.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

## From St. Johns II. to Heaven.

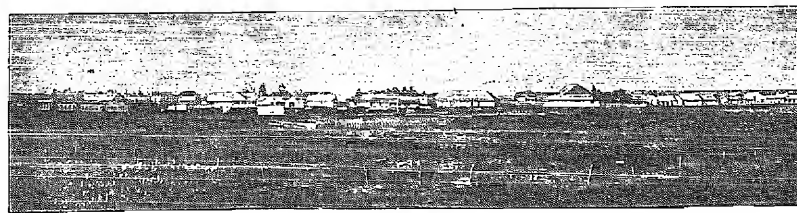
Death has claimed another victim in the person of Sister Sarah Jane Reed.

Our comrade was sick just two weeks when the messenger came. Before she passed away her testimony was, "All is well." We feel sure that our sister has gone to join the Blood-washed throng.

The service at the grave was very impressive. While we sang, with hands uplifted, "I'll be true, Lord, 'T' Thee," heaven came very near. We committed our dear comrade to the dust with the glorious hope of one day meeting on that beautiful shore.

At the memorial service two sons sought and found the Saviour. We pray that God will comfort those who are bereaved, and keep us faithful until death.—S. Morgan for Capt. McLenn.

**Calvary.**—A little hill to the eye, but the only spot upon the earth that touches heaven.



**View of Mafeking, Bochuanaaland.**

Now beleaguered by the Boers. We had a corps in this town before the war.

Adj. McGill, Skagway . . . . .	8
Adj. McGill, Skagway . . . . .	6

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## A VISIT TO CEYLON AND ITS ARMY OPERATIONS.

By COLONEL MUSA BHAI.

The city of Colombo, the capital of the island of Ceylon, would be the best place for a visitor to land who leaves Great Britain with a desire to see for himself the operations of the Salvation Army in the Indian field, to study its labors among ten different races, speaking as many different languages, its boarding, industrial and Village Schools, its headquarters of Social Work. All these are sights worth seeing by anyone interested in the solving of that great problem—the spiritual redemption of the masses in that great British dependency in the East-India.

If you are fortunate in catching the land-breeze as the steamer skirts the coast-line of South Ceylon, within sight of land, you would actually sniff the proverbial

"Splay Breezes."

For miles along the sea-border of South Ceylon is a fringe of claspam-gardens, under waving coconut palms. The green verdure and thick foliage round about Colombo have a pleasing effect to the eye accustomed for days to nothing but the blue of the ocean. As the steamer anchors, you would be bewildered (if you are visiting the East for the first time) by the sights that claim attention—the boat-loads of fruits and tender cocoanuts, curiosities, such as carved or tortoise-shell work, with quaint looking Moor-men, Singalese, or Travavapodis, in different styles of costumes, or no costumes at all!—the dexterous boys, with tiny bits of loin-cloth on their fragile katamarans, with their one chorus of "Dive, dive, dive—money, money, money!" intermingled with Singalese and Tamil speakers' verbosity, which sound alternately soft or guttural, with occasional words in English. The big piles of Government and other buildings, the rows and rows of tile-roofed houses, would banish from your mind any fantastic idea you might have of rude mud-bovels and semi-barbarism, any way in Indian towns and cities. Amidst the diverse crowds, you would notice the pleasing and striking contrasts of the

### Orange and Red Uniform

of the Singalese Salvationist as he comes to meet you. For land, say, in the morning, and during the quarter-of-an-hour's walk (for you would prefer to walk) to the Territorial Headquarters, your quick eye would have noticed the big European hotels, telephone wires, carriages, rikshaws, bullock bandies (arts drawn by bullock oxen), European and Asiatic shops, typical Oriental bazaars, and quite a variety of European and Eastern costumes, and half-clothed laborers (coolies), giving you an idea of the people in this rising city.

Perhaps, after a slight refreshment at Headquarters, you will have a look at our three hills in the city, the Rescues and Prison Gate Homes, and look by the seaside railway to Lunawas, there to see the historic hut which served as Commissioner Booth-Tucker's headquarters and residence (see model in the Indian Court) when he landed with his first batch of forty officers from England, in 1880.

After this, you return to Colombo, and look by the morning train the next day to Rambukhana, the Divisional Headquarters for our work in the up-country villages of Ceylon. During the train journey you would notice the beginning of that bewitching mountain scenery of Ceylon, with its

### Green Rice-Fields.

cocconut, tea, cocon, and other plantations, and rich jungle land with rippling mountain streams, enlivened by varied bird songsters, howling crows, dreamy-buffaloes, lying lazily in muddy pools of water, and last, but not least, the Singalese groves (cultivators) busy ploughing their land or fusing about odds and ends of work.

The men Singalese villagers, as a rule, grow their beards, and wear their hair long, tied into a knot; the women. This is the national custom of the Singalese of all classes of society. While engaged at work, or elsewhere, the laboring man contents himself

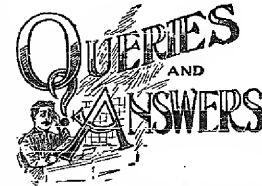
with a small piece of loin-cloth tied tightly around his waist with the over-hanging dangle-shaped knife, with its sheath, stuck in the girdle. The woman laborer will have an additional cover for the body in the shape of a loose jacket or a piece of cloth. The laboring classes, however, in their holiday attire, or "Sunday best," are totally different. The men in addition to their gay colored waist-cloths, wear a shirt, or a shirt and coat, and a round tortoise-shell comb on their head—this comb is a peculiarity amongst Singalese men—sandals or shoes, ready to be pulled off when a stream has to be forded, and an umbrella—this would the Singalese man appear to the visitor "clashed and in his right mind." The women generally wear snow-white jackets, and neat looking rugs, ear-rings, bracelets, necklets, etc., made of gold, silver, or brass,

unusual gathering a kadju-pandal (bamboo shed) would be erected to shelter the people from the scorching sun. The Army converts and others would be comfortably seated on rush mats (some families bringing their own mats). The ill-clad ones, who, as a rule, are

### Bigoted Buddhists.

are only drawn from their work as sightseers, and refusing to be seated, would hang around the pandal. At the meeting gets warm under the leadership of the white officer in charge of the Territory, you, if you are at all critical, would see at a glance the wisdom of our placing ourselves on the level of the villagers we seek to benefit. The "perfectly at home" style of the chief white officer with his village comrades in everything would be striking. At the close of the meeting "fishers" would be busy, and many an obstinate Buddhist, melted by the power of God, would thread his way from the ranks of the ill-clad onlookers to the table as the two rustic chairs, which had been loaned by the Sergt-Major for the occasion, are called to accept Christ and His salvation. Some such scenes will reward your visit if you go in the power of God.

vices, held in special temporary sheds erected for the purpose, get largely attended, and last from a fortnight to a month, or longer. The Army work has been made doubly uphill by perverts from European and American Christianity visiting the island, and, through their addresses and example, making the poor, misguided people seuer in their false faith than before.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer inquiries about rules as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whatever a reply is worth that it should be given quite confidentially. We will endeavor to reply, if you enclose postage stamps. We will not be bound in print, but all inquiries would not be answered. Address, as in matter above, if you wish your full name and address to be published.

Sister L. H. Question: Why is it that there is so many good people who seem to be in earnest about working for God, and does so much good, and yet they are so cranky and disagreeable to get along with. They, as it were, try of the handle at every little thing? I need to think, how was it that Christians are all cranky and cross, and that people who were not Christians were much nicer? But I thank God from the depth of my heart that I have found a few that are sweetly saved, and only a few. My Bible teaches me that we must love everybody, and if we have our hearts filled with love, and Christ living there, by faith on the Son of God, why, there will not be even a corner left for the devil to get in.

Answer: You have answered your own question fairly well. If you will partake of your own prescription, and "love everybody" you will soon be surprised how different other people will look to you. We detect in others those faults quickest which are most familiar to ourselves.



### To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; married and, as far as possible, single women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelist Booth, 16 West 42 Street, New York City. We will not be bound in print, but all inquiries would not be answered. Address, as in matter above, if you wish your full name and address to be published.

(First Insertion.)

ANDERSON, KARL EBNAR. Born in Denmark, age 40, tall, fair, dark eyes. Last address, in 1880, Henderson, Kentucky, U. S. A. Mother is dead, sister very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MCKENZIE, DOUGLASS. Height 5 ft. 6 in., rather stout, fair hair, blue eyes, dark moustache. Left Port Rowan two months ago. Wife and two children in great need. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MONTREY, FINDLAY. Left Port Rowan December 1880. Last heard from Malta P. O., Dublin, in 1882. Height 5 ft. 11 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, weight 185. Sisters Mary Jane and Christina enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second Insertion.)

HOWARD, ROBERT GEORGE. Age 30. Address two years ago, Jacksonville, Mich. Supposed to be working in hotel on Burma Islands. Occupation plumber. Father dead. Needed at home. Mother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

## Winter Clothing.

OVERCOATS for Men, from \$15.00 to \$25.00  
JACKETS and ULSTERS, for Ladies, from \$9.00 to \$25.00  
MEN'S SUITS, from \$12.50 to \$19.00  
TUNICS, from \$6.75 to \$12.50  
PANTS, from \$4.25 to \$6.50

WRITE US FOR PRICES AND SAMPLES.

READ WHAT THEY ARE CONTINUALLY  
X X X WRITING US, X X X

DEAR MAJOR:

I have pleasure in saying that the suit and overcoat you just made are everything that can be desired; also the previous suit made from measurement former was most satisfactory.

CAPT. LACEY, Vancouver.

DEAR MAJOR:

Goods to hand. I am perfectly satisfied with them in every respect, and I can highly recommend your goods. I have worn one of your tunics two years, every day, summer and winter, and it has stood its color well. People think it is a new coat yet.

LIEUT. JORDISON.

DEAR MAJOR HORN:

I received my overcoat O.K., and am well satisfied with same. It fits fine. Thanks very much for your promptness in sending it so soon.

J. S. McLEAN, Adji.

DEAR MAJOR:

My coat came this morning. It is very nice indeed, and I like it well.

S. E. OTTAWAY, Ensign.

MY DEAR MAJOR:

Bandman Rowell's suit arrived safely. Thanks for filling order so quickly. The fit is like the proverbial "paper on the wall." Workmanship "that needeth not to be ashamed." All the boys say it is O.K. Look out for more orders.

G. S. EDGECOMBE.

TRADE SECRETARY:

Received my band suit all O.K. Good fit. Am very well pleased with same. Will be pleased to leave my order with you in future for any clothing I may require.

BANDSMAN FRED. S. BARNES, Montreal.

according to the means at the disposal of the wearers to

### Help Feed Their Vanity.

for, also: even in the Asiatic countries as in European lands, vanity rules the unenlightened human heart. In the holiday dress the women appear very different from what they do when in their untidy working-clothes. The children, in whom, as a rule, their fathers and mothers are fondly attached, share their parents' vanity.

This is the slight hint would greet you (as it would with more or less moderation, in every part of India) as you reach Hewidwilla, the nearest village to Rambukhana, after a tramp of seven miles, through village road, jungle path, and paddy field. To do honor to the visitors, a few hundred of our converts and other folks would have been gathered by the energetic Singalese Divisional Officer. The visitor would be conscious of the perfect Oriental scene and surroundings. Seeing that the village barracks is too small for the

However, being pressed for time, you cannot visit the corps and branch societies in the Division, nor inspect any of the Village Schools, but hasten back to Rambukhana, and thence by the morning train to Colombo to catch the steamer that leaves every evening for Talloora, on the mainland of India. Before, however, you bid farewell to Brigadier Frankin Das (Maj) the Ceylon Commander, and our devoted comrades, let me say

### A Word About Buddhism.

the religion of South Ceylon. It has its many temples scattered over the length and breadth of the country. The Maligawana, at Kandy, is a famous temple, enshrining the supposed tooth of Buddha, and has pilgrims from Burmah and Siam every year. Practical atheism is the foundation of this religion, with a hollow, but very pretentious superstructure of moral teachings. Occasionally priests visit village centres, and hold special services, expounding their "truths," and stirring their people up. These ser-

**The Fountain of Grace.**

Tunes.—Stella (B.J. 25); Madrid (B.J. 170); Baton (B.J. 167, 21); Salsua (B.J. 208, 2).

1 Oh, Thou, the soul's enduring life,  
My fainting spirit cries to Thee;  
Take Thou, in love, Thy penning knife.

And cut these marks of death from me,  
The pain these wounds of love will give,  
May make my soul for ever live.

'Tis Thou, the Fount of plenteous grace,  
Who can alone my soul reclaim;  
For sin it cannot find a place,  
But at the Cross, where Thou wast slain;

Though often it has been before,  
Thy love and patience are not o'er.  
Not only good art Thou, but wise,  
That wisdom promised to impart;  
Then what is hidden to my eyes,  
O Lord, reveal unto my heart!  
The problems that beset my mind  
Are solved when rest in Thee I find.  
—The Commandant.

**Full Salvation.**

Tunes.—Confess (B.J. 74); Ash Long Syne (B.J. 38); Give me a heart (B.J. 69, 7); The harp that once.

2 Oh, glorious news of heavenly grace,  
Christ shall in me appear,  
I, even I, shall see His face,  
I shall be holy here!

When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
And, lo! He saith, "I quickly come  
To fill and rule Thy heart!"

Be it according to Thy word,  
Now cleanse me from all sin;  
My heart would now receive Thee,  
Lord,  
Come in, my Lord, come in.

Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou;  
In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the blessing now.

'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Salvation through Thy Blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

**Singing all the Time.**

Tune.—Singing all the time (B.J. 228).

3 I feel like singing all the time,  
My sins are washed away;  
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,  
I'll serve Him every day.

**Chorus.**

Singing glory, glory, etc.

When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
Nailed there by sins of mine,  
Fast fell the burning tears; but now  
I'm singing all the time.

When fierce temptations try my heart,  
I'll sing, "Jesus is mine!"

And so, though tears at times may start,  
I'm singing all the time.

The wondrous story of the Lamb,  
Tell with that voice of mine,  
Till others, with the glad new song,  
Go singing all the time.

**Marching Along.**

Tunes.—Come, join our Army (B.J. 14); I'm happy (B.B. 47).

4 Come, join our Army, to battle we go,  
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe;  
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

**Chorus.**

Marching along, we are marching a long;  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.  
Soldiers of Jesus, be valiant and strong,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

Come, join our Army, the foe must be driven,  
To Jesus our Captain the world shall be given;  
If all should surround us, we'll press through the throng,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,  
True to our 'old' we'll fight till we die;  
"Saved from all sin," is our war cry and song,  
The Salvation Army is marching a long.

**Still There's Mercy.**

Tunes.—Christ how still (B.J. 225, 5, slowly); Rousseau (B.J. 138, 1); Tossing like a troubled ocean (B.B. 41); Depth of mercy (B.B. 22); Payer's (B.J. 123, 5); Walter (B.J. 211, 2); Nottingham (B.J. 217, 2).

5 Depth of mercy! can there be mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

**Chorus.**

God is love, I know, I feel,  
Jesus lives and loves me still.

**Another Chorus.**

You are drifting, you are drifting to your doom,  
Yet there's mercy, yet there's mercy still for you.

I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

Jesus speaks and pleads His Blood,  
He disarms the wrath of God!  
Now my Master's mercies move,  
Justice lingers into love.

There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands!

God is love! I know, I feel  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

**Claim Salvation.**

Tunes.—From Greenland's icy mountains; or, My soul is now united (B.J. 118).

6 Soul, filled with condemnation,  
No more in bondage lie;  
Arise, and claim salvation,  
Oh, why for ever die?  
Eternal life—that precious,  
That priceless gift of God—  
For thee, on Calvary, Jesus  
Has purchased with His blood.

Come home, come home, backslider  
Thy Heavenly Father wait  
Forgive thy past of failure,  
And freely love thee still.  
This gracious invitation  
Obeys as from the Lord;  
The joys of His salvation  
To thee shall be restored.

Redeeming grace is flowing,  
His sweetness all may prove;  
His mercy God is showing  
To those who seek His love.  
This blessed truth we cherish,  
Proclaim it far and high,  
God willeth none should perish,  
But dwell with Him on high.  
Sergt.-Major Glibby,  
Pembroke Dock.

Interesting! Instructive!! Inspiring!!!

AN EVENING OF HIGHEST  
ENJOYMENT.

**MASSEY HALL**

Thursday, February 1st,

8 p.m.

**MISS BOOTH**

AND

**Living Scenes.**

AMONG THESE STRIKING SCENES AND OTHER FEATURES  
OF THE EVENING WILL BE

Paris at Night,

A Western Opium Den,

A London Slum Scene,

India and Its Aposties.

The Youngest Drummer in the World (2 years), and the  
Musical Family.

The Tambourine Babies and Timbrel Drill.

The Ambulance Class.

Mustering of Rescue Forces.

The Youngest Cornetist of the Dominion,  
(a girl of 9 years).

**Miss Booth's Address.**

An Excellent Program of Music and Song.

COME EARLY AND SECURE A GOOD SEAT.

TICKETS FOR SALE AT ALL CITY CORPS AND AT THE  
SALVATION TEMPLE, ALBERT STREET,  
TORONTO.

THE CELEBRATED STAFF BAND WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.